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EDITORIAL Volume 37 Issue 11

Despite what you might think, we're quite a cultured lot here at Club, so when we were told there was a ballerina who wanted to appear in the mag, we were more than happy to accommodate her. After all, it's about time we featured a few more *pas des deux* and the like. So can you imagine our disappointment when it turned out that all she really wanted to do was strip off and finger herself in a variety of outlandish poses? What a bloody swizz! Honestly, these girls really do only have one thing on their mind, don't they? So it looks like it'll be a bit longer before Club breaks away from it's traditional stomping ground of delectable young ladies showing off in the nip, which, on reflection, is perhaps not such a bad thing. With the likes of Daisy, Martha, Boroka and Tyra to choose from, culture can go whistle! – The Ed. ♣

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CONTENTS

6 LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE
Emails to the parlour...

7 DAISY
Such a fine pair of dukes...

16 KATH
No, she doesn't have egg and bacon on her head.

23 TYRA
Get on the buses with this bone loving babe!

30 CLUB'S KIT BAG
Max up your iPhone!

31 JENNY
She prefers it rich and creamy...

36 MOTORING
Pricy cars? We got 'em!

38 MADISON & ANITA
Spot the difference...

44 THE JOKE'S ON YOU!
Zingers, every one of 'em.

45 BOROKA
So small yet so filthy!

53 READER'S GIRLFRIEND
Lilly's not silly, she's just very horny!

58 STEREO OF FILTH & LOVE
Don't you wish you were a rock star?

60 TALKIN' BLUE
More true tales from the vaults...

64 OFF YOUR HEDONIST
Watch the films before you neck the booze, right?

70 PEACHES
One in the bum, no harm done...

74 SCRUFF JUSTICE
Moving pictures with fannies and willies? Brilliant!

76 STELLA
Where would we be without her?

92 MARTHA
She's back with a new kink!

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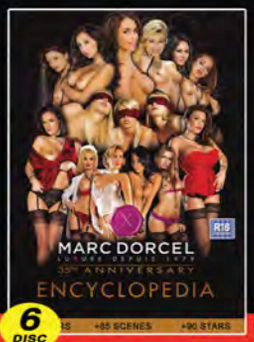

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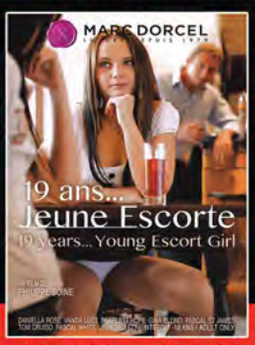

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

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TOY BOY

It's funny your mag being full of girls who are more than familiar with vibrators. You'd think that my girlfriend, Shannon, being the horny, every hole's a goal, kind of girl she is, would be well versed in buzzing her clit, but she admitted to me the other day that she'd never even held one in her hand, let alone stuffed one up her hot pot.

So being the caring, loving boyfriend that I am, I shot out that weekend to find her a good one. The sex shops in Leeds are packed full of them. If I was a bit braver I might have asked the sales assistant to recommend something, but it's like buying condoms in the chemist, you walk in all ready to loudly ask for a twelve pack and then brick it once you see the bird behind the counter and end up getting a pack of three out of a bog dispenser.

At first, I was thinking of buying the biggest fucker I could find, but quickly realised that on the one hand she might like it so much she'd end up getting rid of me for some rhino horn in the Y-fronts type, and on the other hand she'd be terrified of it! So I switched plans and looked around for something nice and simple that wasn't modelled on a giant.

Eventually I went for a six inch solid pink one that was very simple, no ridges, kinks, vibrating tips or weird bits poking out.

When I got home, I thought I'd surprise her by waiting until it was bedtime before revealing it. I waited until she was in the bathroom and then I took it out and switched it on, standing it on her bedside table and slipping into the toilet till she'd found it.

When I heard her call out, "Oh Michael, you naughty boy!" I appeared, naked, in the doorway, smiling like a man who knew he was about to have a real good time.

She walked over to me, leaving the vibrator spinning on the table, and kissed me passionately, her tongue delving inside my mouth, my dick urgently pressing against her stomach. I had been pondering how we were going to do this since I bought it – should I use it on her first, should I wait until we were fucking and then introduce it or should I go down on her first and then, when she was nice and wet, slip it up her cunt? But she had another idea.

"Shannon, already naked, took hold of the toy and began to buzz it round her thighs..."

"Do you want to watch me?" she whispered in my ear. Did I!

Laying back on the bed and propping herself up with some pillows, Shannon, already naked, took hold of the toy and began to buzz it round her thighs and through her pubes. I watched as her pussy slowly began to moisten, and when she was ready she began to lightly buzz its tip around her pussy lips. When her eyes closed and her head tipped back, I knew she was really enjoying it and was glad that I'd got one, but when she eventually pushed it inside her pussy I couldn't help but start playing with myself, kneeling on the end of the bed, my eyes locked on to her snatch.

She turned it off and began to use it like a normal cock, sliding it in and out of her twat and moaning softly. This was too much for me; I couldn't just sit

CRYSTAL AMAZE

Man, is Crystal one of the sexiest women you've ever had in *Club* (37/10)? She reminds me of one of the Girls Aloud babes, fuck knows what their names are, I tend to identify them by which one I'd fuck first, but Crystal looks exactly like the one I'd have to shag first and then shag again just to make sure I'd shagged her properly!

Thanks *Club* for blowing me away with those pictures, if you ask me, she could replace Stella and I wouldn't even notice!

Justin, Norbiton

WHAT A DISH!

Hey Fran (*Club* 37/10), I reckon you and me were made for each other – you find cooking an erotic experience and I love to eat! But I'm not talking about food…

How about you come over to my place and rustle me up something tasty, and while you're doing the cooking I'll do the eating! The question is, can you cook while you're bent over the work surface and I've got my face buried in your juicy pussy?

If you can, well, I know a man who would eat out at your place every day of the week!

Fred, Tottenham

there watching anymore, and since her pussy was taken, me and my dick headed for her mouth. I knelt beside her head, rising myself up so I could still see what she was doing with the dildo, and wanked myself slowly, waiting for her to notice me. She was so into her new toy that she only realised where I was when she swapped hands, raising her right one up to her head and brushing my dick with it.

Immediately, she turned to me and opened her mouth. Usually, if she was going to suck my dick, she would do all the work, wanking my shaft and sucking and licking my tip, but this time she just opened her mouth, inviting me to fuck it. I edged forwards, easing my helmet over her lips and onto her tongue, her hot mouth enveloping me, and began to seriously enjoy myself and the fantastic sensations running up and down my dick.

Between us, we began to up the tempo, with Shannon soon drilling the vibrator into her cunt and me building up until I was pumping my cock in and out of her mouth. The time came when she took the toy out of her cunt, switched

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

DAISY

TAT'LL DO NICELY!

Two out of three ain't bad for Daisy…

PHOTOS: STEPHEN HICKS

Is that a tattoo of a sweet little cherub you're sporting there, Daisy? We didn't know you were into all that classical religion stuff.

"Yes, it's a cherub, but I'm not into all that stuff, it's a reflection of who I am…"

So… you're a sweet, innocent, young thing, are you?

"Well, I'm sweet and I'm young but I guess I couldn't really say I was all that innocent…"

We could tell that by the way you're bending over there with your shaved pussy winking at us!

"What, are you complaining? Do you think I should have a girl with big boobs tattooed on my back?"

What, us? Complain that there's a hot young babe like yourself bending over in front of us and giving us an eyeful? The moment that happens, you have our permission to tattoo whatever you like right across our gawping faces!

"Yeah, I can think of a few choice words that'd fit your ugly mugs…" ♣

TOP TEN...

WORST PEOPLE TO SHOW YOUR COCK TO

1. Your Al-Quaeda captors.

2. Germaine Greer. Or any of the Wimmin's Lib crowd, come to that. Why not? Are you kidding. You fucking KNOW why not.

3. Your boss. Unless he's a cock doc.

4. Your mates down the pub. It's really not cool, unless it's got a tattoo or it's got more metal in it than a chainsaw. Or it's got one of their mum's lipstick on it.

5. Another bloke in a public toilet. If you don't know why not, go and try it out – maybe you'll meet George Michael…

6. Anyone connected in any shape or form, by dint of employment, married to, or a relation of, someone involved in law enforcement. I mean: uniformed coppers, that's stating the obvious. But never forget that they don't all have uniforms but they do all have a sadistic streak.

7. A hillbilly out of Deliverance. No, you're wrong, smart-arse; the place where they shot the movie IS a real location and the people who live there DO have just the one tooth apiece and shotguns and they DO enjoy forcing strangers to kneel at gunpoint and telling their victims: "You got a real purty mouth". Yup, a lot of Georgia is probably very decent and modern, but no sane backpacker goes off into the hills with his johnson hanging out.

8. A Drill Sergeant. You have not been humiliated until you've faced one of these men. Showing them your cock is like painting your bollocks red and slapping them in a bull's face.

9. Infamous Chinese penile extension surgeon Dr Lon Dong. No seriously, this nutter is real and made a big splash in the international media a few years ago. His name might be amusing, but his line of work is deathly serious, and he's always on the lookout for fresh meat to beef up and add length to the inferior pricks of his wealthy clients. Where do you think all that hydrogenated fat is going these days?

10. A neighbour whose hedge you stumbled through and wrecked in a drunken fit who turns up the next day on your step armed with shears. Quite frankly, the reasons why you don't want your bell-end "dead-headed" with hedge-clippers should be fairly self-evident. So mind how you go when you're pissed.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

it back on to full speed and plugged it right into the mains of her clit, moaning an orgasm right onto my cock!

That was the moment I'd been waiting for and I thrust my dick as far into her mouth as she could handle, blasting my spunk into her mouth once before pulling it out and letting go the rest onto her face when normally she would swallow the lot and not give me the option, but that night was a night of voyeurism for me, watching her fuck herself with a sex toy and also watching my hard cock spray jizz all over her come face! Next weekend, we're going shopping for more toys together…

Michael, Leeds.

ORIFICE GIRL

I do not believe it! Giselle, from *Club* 37/10, used to work at my office!

I used to think I was an unlucky sod to be stuck next to the photocopier, until Giselle started working there. I used to imagine that she didn't actually mean to bend over in such a lascivious way, waving her arse in my face so much that I would always end up day dreaming about bending her over the machine and shagging her till we broke it. Now I know that it wasn't just me imagining it and that if I had tried even just a little bit I may well have had her…

I was well gutted when she got the sack, but since I saw the mag, all the lads at work have seen it and now the boss has no idea why we all have a little chuckle whenever we see him. The lucky bastard was so wrong to fire the girl. So good luck to you, Giselle, you made my work days bright even when it was raining!

Lucas, Hants

OIL SAY!

Thanks for the set of Lucy and Suzie (*Club* 37/10), I also love to massage oil into a girl's backside, there's something so very sexy about a glistening bum. But why couldn't there be more pictures of them both covered in oil?

How about you do a set of two girls slathered in the stuff? You can't tell me that it wouldn't be out of this world?

So please *Club*, could we have more sexy girls oiled up and ready to go?

Benny, Rotherham

ALWAYS THE BRIDE'S MUM!

As a reasonably good-looking bloke (so I've been told) I've never had much trouble pulling when out I'm with the lads.

Now I'd never rule out any lovely, young lady, but my girl of choice had to be a young, slim blonde. If she had big juicy tits, even better!

However, this all changed for me about two months ago.

My mate Nathan was getting married down south and a load of us were going to go down and stay for his big day. We were all taking bets on who could pull a bridesmaid first, and I was rubbing my hands thinking of all the dressed up (and pissed up) pussy that would be there.

The boring bit of the day went okay, basically I was just eyeing up who looked fit enough for an encounter later that night. There was a cheeky little blonde, with her tits squeezed into one end of a dress and her arse trying to escape at the other, who looked up for something. I definitely knew I was onto a promise when she pushed her arse into my

cock while we were waiting in the huge queue at the bar.

As the night progressed everyone was getting more and more drunk and I knew it was time to make a move as I was getting increasingly horny. As I nipped out of the function room for a quick piss, the disabled toilet was standing temptingly empty, I knew I wouldn't be more than a minute so I ducked in just pulling the door closed.

Halfway through, the door opened and in walked the bride's mother. Now I hadn't taken much notice of her during the day to be honest, but I soon did. She'd obviously had her daughter quite young as she was in fantastic shape, her dress fitted in all the right

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

IN THIS MONTH...

45 YEARS AGO:

1963. US president John Fitzgerald Kennedy is assassinated while taking his wife for a drive through Dallas, Texas. Texas governor John Connally and his good lady Nellie are also in the car, and the governor sustains serious injuries as JFK's brains and skull fragments shower the seats.

"Can't even go out for a leisurely spin in the Lincoln convertible on a sunny Friday afternoon," one witness told the Warren Commission that Kennedy had remarked irately to Nellie Connally as he was shot repeatedly, while another person on the scene insists JFK just said "Uh-yah fuck" and pitched forwards. Still another recalls the president hanging out of his side of the limo shaking his fist at the grassy knoll.

Soon afterwards the American-Irish Bostonian lost consciousness and never spoke again.

Only one Oswald found his way to the theater, and paid dearly for it when he was arrested by police then plugged by Ruby.

Interestingly, in 1996, a man claiming to have been one of the several Oswalds came forward and attempted to sue the Federal Government on the grounds that, unlike the other Oswalds, he was in fact a clone, and, having been created as a fully-grown adult, he sought damages for not having enjoyed infancy, childhood, schooling, or puberty.

"Can't even go out for a leisurely spin in the Lincoln on a sunny Friday afternoon..."

45 YEARS PLUS TWO DAYS AGO:

1963 again. Less than 48 hours after Kennedy's murder, suspected cop-killer and alleged presidential assassin Lee Oswald is shot and killed in the basement of Dallas Police Department HQ in full view of the world's press by nightclub owner Jack Ruby. Whatever light he might have thrown on the JFK slaying is extinguished with him.

Many amateur historians and theorists point to Oswald's arrest and murder as the key to the whole conspiracy, laying great stress on the "fact" that there were at least two completely identical Lee Harvey Oswalds, possibly as many as seven – all young American military men of similar build altered to look like the original (if an original ever existed) by plastic surgery. On 22nd November 1963 they were all called back to their respective surgeons' offices for a check-up and were kept hanging about in the streets for ages by the girls behind the desks to further confuse matters by being spotted by punters all over the city.

When the president's death was announced, they were all told by their doctors that they couldn't be seen that day and might as well go to the cinema. In each case, the Texas Theater was recommended by the receptionist.

41 YEARS AGO:

Another iconic political figure comes to a sticky end – this time it's Ernesto 'Che' Guevara who finds himself on the wrong end of a gun barrel. Having spent most of his adult life skipping round Central and South America (not to mention a brief sortie over to that popular holiday destination The Congo to sample the newly discovered beverage Um Bongo), Che found himself in Bolivia, once again stirring things up for the Leftist cause. This didn't go down too well with the local government, who, with the help of the CIA's man on the scene, tracked him down, captured him and, well, executed him. Still, viva la revolución, eh?

PAD DE DEUX?

That's French for dance with me – sort of...

PHOTOS: EARL MILLER

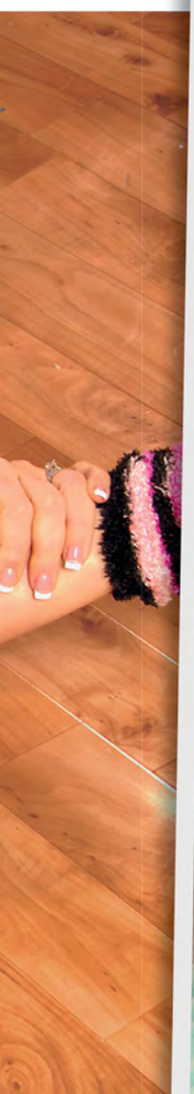
It's a long running fantasy of men to have a girlfriend who is as flexible as a ballet dancer, and here's Kath, the living embodiment of that fantasy. Tell us, Kath, what's it like to go to bed with a babe who's as bendy as you are?

"It's everything you've ever imagined it to be and more..." she said, sounding suspiciously like a tease.

Now you say that, but we're experienced men and it takes more than just a say so for us to believe you (can you see where this is going, folks!?). You'll have to give us a little demonstration...

"Okay, you asked for it," she laughed, and then she wrapped her legs round her own head and had a little play with herself. "Now, imagine you're in bed with me and I'm doing this. Can you just imagine how great it is to be able to bend me any which way you like and then slide your big, hard cock inside my nice, tight, wet pussy...?"

Yes, we can, and it's hard wiring our minds! ♣



Nowt As Queer As Fuck!

KILL JILL

A New York City man is accused of trying to hire someone to kill his wife then cut off her hand with a samurai sword and repossess her wedding ring. Unfortunately for the hubby, the hit man was an undercover cop.

Suspect Rockefeller Auguste was recently arrested at his office on charges of conspiracy to commit murder and criminal possession of a weapon. According to the New York Police Department the 35-year-old architect suspected his wife was cheating. So no surprises that his first thought was (the District Attorney's office alleges) to have her topped and one mitt lopped off. After all, he'd bought her the fucking ring in the first place.

Meantime, only a couple of hundred miles away, another American male in the throes of a domestic was likewise making a cunt of himself. When police in Connecticut moved in to break up the fight between 21-year-old Victor Rodriguez and his partner at their Bridgeport domicile, Rodriguez turned to his 9-foot-long pet python and, as the cops converged on him, commanded the snake: "Get them!"

Officers report that the snake remained motionless.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKERS

47-year-old stripper Susan Sykes, also known as "Busty Heart," has been rejected as a contestant for the NBC show America's Got Talent, as the judges failed to appreciate her wonderful and unique ability to crush empty beer cans between her norks.

Eleven years ago Sykes was sued by an Illinois strip-club patron who claimed to have sustained a serious neck injury when, in the course of a little audience-participation, Busty playfully jammed his head between her mammoth mamms while she danced and neglected to let go of his skull while he kicked, squirmed and tried frantically to vent muffled cries for help.

ARMED AND PATHETIC

Failing to "come along quietly" when collared by cops recently were cry-baby crims from two normally fairly butch US states. In Vernon, Connecticut, a SWAT team caught up with alleged desperado Lamont Cooke, who had spent the last 12 months on the lam from the authorities in Philadelphia and Maryland for charges of kidnapping and murder. He burst into tears when nicked, and, on noting the presence of the SWAT team, promptly pissed his pants. So not exactly Al Pacino giving "The Man" the finger in *Dog Day Afternoon*.

In the same week, making a total tosser of himself in Utah was a 21-year-old gang member, whom Orem police nabbed as he tried to make off on a tricycle that he had just stolen, with menaces, from a little girl.

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS: FASCISM FOR THE 21st CENTURY

A Welsh oil painting entitled "Newport Nudes," which was mothballed 60 years ago for being too promiscuous for public display because the model pictured in the work is naked, drew fresh criticism when it was reintroduced at a public gallery in Wales during the summer. This time, the nudity was absolutely fine, but today's morally-enlightened punters were outraged because the naked model is holding a ciggie.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

places, a tight little arse and full round tits, and yet she looked so elegant. She leaned against the door and locked it whilst staring at me. She told me she'd been watching me all day, eyeing up the slutty little blonde, and she could tell how horny I was because she felt exactly the same. As she finished saying this, she unzipped her dress and stepped out with full stockings, suspenders and expensive looking underwear, her shaved little pussy on show through some lace.

Fucking hell, my cock has never grown so fast in all of its life. She had a fantastic body and she knew it. She walked over and kissed me full on the lips and then just knelt down and took my dick deep into her mouth. I have never had a blow-job like it! She sucked and licked me until I nearly blew my beans, but she knew exactly what she was doing and I was content to let her. She stopped slurping on me and turned around to lift her leg onto the toilet seat, her pussy juices soaking through the expensive silk of her knickers. Her legs looked fucking superb with her stockings on and I quickly pulled her pants to one side as my cock was fucking aching.

She was moaning for me to fuck her, and as I stroked her sopping wet clit from behind she started to buck her hot pussy against my glistening bell end.

I quickly pushed my dick inside and fucked her as hard and as fast as I could from behind. I could feel her starting to come on my cock, her cunt squeezing me until I came, spunk shooting in her as deep as possible.

After this she calmly pulled her dress back on, kissed me and told me to enjoy the rest of the night!

I never told my mates as they wouldn't believe me, and anyway, screwing the Bride's mother beats nailing a bridesmaid any day!

Rick, Dudley ♣

TUCK IN!

After reading what Natalie said about having a sweet tooth in *Club* 37/10 I thought I better get in touch because I am a massive fan of Sherbert Dips and I reckon she would love to come round to my place and dip my dab into the sweet powder. I can assure her that my nice big dipper will remain that way until she has eaten the lot, but could you tell her that she might find a salty aftertaste once it's all gone, something to do with my dipstick being made out of preservatives!

Bertie Bassett, The Tuck Shop

HAIL AND RIDE!

Anymore phwoars, please!

PHOTOS: KEVIN MAKLIN

There are some excellent reasons for using public transport, and Tyra is one of them!

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said, rushing in. "I was going to get an early night yesterday, but on the way home in the afternoon I met this guy and, well, I ended up back at his place playing spin the dildo!"

Wow! Two things – A: you picked a guy up on the bus? And B: spin the dildo!?

"Yeah, he was giving me the eye and I thought he was sexy so I gave him a bit of a flash of my knickers and off we went. Spin the dildo, well, it's like spin the bottle only instead of kissing a person, where it stops decides which hole you stick it in!" ♣

Wanna ride with Tyra? Go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

TYRA

For more party games with Tyra, go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

club's kit bag

This Month: iPHONE KIT

Spunked out on an iPhone and now want to get some thrilling accessories to go with it? 'Course you have/are! So what are you waiting for? Read on!

It was only a matter of time, wasn't it? In a world where it increasingly seems like nothing is manufactured without being 'iPod compatible' – things such as Hi-Fis, cars, washing machines, cheese and orphans – this moment was unavoidable. Some would say inevitable. Yup, it's time to tackle the current king of our benevolent 'i' overlords, the answer to all your wettest technological desires, and look at the accessories to go with the device they call the Jesus Phone: the 3G iPhone…

Sennheiser MX W1

Price: £299

www.sennheiser.com

Okay, so three hundred quid might seem steep for headphones, but these are no ordinary headphones! First up, they're wireless, so you won't be constantly getting attached to things or strangling yourself like a retarded swan. And despite the lack of strings, they can still achieve high-fidelity stereo sound and true digital wireless over a 2.4GHz link, and they even have a special earpad system that makes them comfortable to wear.

So, you may look a bit of a twat, wandering around with what looks to be Bluetooth headsets in both ears but, to have quality audio when listen to music or watching movies on the go? It's got to be worth thinking about!

Thumbs Up iSwim

Price: £13

www.thumbsupuk.com

There are two reasons you might want to take your iPhone underwater with you. Either you have a bizarre mental condition that means you can't swim without music or an audio book telling you how to swim, or you're intent on drowning yourself and want to enjoy some pleasant music as your lungs fill up.

But, like a guest at a Barrymore party, the iPhone is not built for water. Which is where this little gizmo comes in. It's a sealable case that'll keep your beloved iPhone safe from water, sand and dirt, whilst the special waterproof earphones, will ensure you never miss a beat. Supplied with an armband to keep your gadget secure, the best part of it is, should it come loose at any point, and as long as you've left air in your case, the Jesus Phone will – are you ready? – float on water!

GEAR4 WorldTour Dual Charge

Price: £20

www.gear4.com

If you haven't already got your mits on the new iPhone, then you might not know is that it sucks up power like a cheap whore scared of missing the last bus. What's more, Apple have ensured that the new iPhone won't charge up from any of your old docking stations. So, you're stuck with either the dodgy plug they give you or hooking it up to a USB. Until now, that is…

Simply put, this is a portable plug with two USB plugs that are compatible with iPhone and 3G iPhone, that comes with a variety of adapters to allow seamless charging regardless of which foreign hell-hole you end up in. Oh, and the best thing, of course, is that it really is a big "Fuck you!" to the pony tail wearing, money grabbing, child touching, conmen in Apple's marketing department.

B&W Zeppelin

Price: £400

www.bowersandwilkins.co.uk

Oh the humanity! Yes, in the same way the Hindenburg came crashing down in flames, killing 35 people in 1937, the flaming hot B&W Zeppelin has come crashing into our lives in 2008, killing its iDocking competition stone dead. Packed with digital signal processing technology, a built-in amplifier (50W bass, 2x 25W midrange/tweeter) and more input options than a Whore-Bot 3000, the Zeppelin has been designed with a special dock for your iPhone. So, if you've spent far too long loading it up with phat tunes by, say, Coldplay and are heartily disappointed that you can't blast them out at a proper volume, then simply drop your phone into its awaiting slot and sit back and rock out to the strains of Chris Martin's awesome voice and genius musical musings, whilst treating your eyes to its slick black and polished stainless steel looks.

And, yes, of course I'm taking the piss about Apple-spawning Martin and his MOR nonsense. However, I'm not joking when I say that, impressive as the Zeppelin is, if you find it flying about your room on fire at any point, get the fuck out of there. ♣

Next Issue: OVEN CHIPS!

MELT IN THE MOUTH

There's two ways to win this girl's heart – expensive choccies and good cunnilingus!

PHOTOS: VLT

It's all about what goes into her mouth and what goes into your's as far as Jenny is concerned…

"I am a sucker for chocolates," she confessed. "If a guy buys me a nice, expensive box of chocolates, I always end up giving him the key to my panties."

Quick, to the chocolatier's!

"Wait a minute! That doesn't mean he gets to fuck me! First he has to prove himself worthy by going down on me!"

We knew it – there's always a catch…

"Good head is the real secret to my heart. If a guy can eat my pussy and make me tear his clothes off in a cock-hungry desperation, then he's in for the time of his life. Personally, I'm only interested in men who can make me come with their tongue. I know a lot of girls, they like getting their pussies licked but they can only come with a dick inside them. I have much better orgasms through good head…"

So let's get this straight, if we came to you with an expensive chocolate truffle on the end of our cocks and said '69?', we'd be your heroes? ♣

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
www.paulraymond.com

JENNY

FANCY A BEIRA?

You can stick your hybrids up your arse – fast and eco-friendly? Now you're talking our language...

If the son of God was back on earth now, he'd probably be running an old VW Camper on LPG. Why? Well, the heavenly father isn't made of money these days, and would almost certainly demand that JC II use 60p-a-litre gas instead of £1.20-a-litre petrol. As long as the Government continues to keep the tax down on LPG, the fortune the Almighty saves on fuel will buy more than enough loaves and fish to keep everyone happy!

The heavenly father may even allow him to splash out on a *Breckland Beira* as a Sabbath day driver. This new British roadster promises supercar performance with supermini running costs. Sounds like a tempting prospect, doesn't it? For £55,000, you're getting proven General Motors mechanicals, a sub-five-second 0-62mph time and a capped 155mph top speed.

You're also getting a design classic. The body is constructed from lightweight composite materials, and it's most striking from the front. A purposeful air scoop sits below the bumper, while above it, distinctive headlights are the starting point for the strong lines that run along the flanks. The bonnet sweeps back beautifully to the steeply raked windscreen, while further air intakes can be found behind the wheelarches, which bulge discreetly but menacingly and are filled perfectly by the 18-inch cast alloy rims.

Further back, rollover hoops are moulded beautifully to carry the shape of the headrests towards the tail of the car, while the rear end is distinguished by twin tailpipes and a low, squat stance. Whichever angle you're looking from, though, the performance intent of the *Beira* is instantly apparent.

The quality of the custom-built

BRECKLAND BEIRA
Engine: 6.0-litre V8, 399bhp
Kerbweight: 1,400kg
0-62mph: 4.8 seconds (est)
Top speed: 155mph
Price: £55,000
Contact: 01362 851940,
www.brecklandtechnology.com

interior will surprise you. You expect a decent finish when you're shelling out this kind of money, but many low-volume manufacturers fail to deliver. Breckland hasn't fallen into the trap of cheap plastics and controls, using materials and basic design from GM. Leather and Alcantara trim provide the cockpit with a special feel – although Breckland is keen to stress that it will cater for any finish buyers want – while there's no shortage of toys, either. The double DIN Clarion infotainment system incorporates a seven-inch touchscreen. Not only does this display instructions for the hard disc-based sat-nav, it provides controls for a raft of cabin functions.

Considering the package has been developed by a small-scale British manufacturer, the cockpit is a fantastic effort. But even more impressive is the driving experience.

Under the skin, Breckland has used GM's proven Kappa platform. The *Beira* gets the V8 from the Corvette C6. The 6.0-litre fuel-injected aluminium lump is mated to a six-speed manual gearbox, and as Breckland came up with its own wiring harness and tweaked the management system, it delivers 400bhp. The lightweight materials used in the car's construction mean it tips the scales at a skimpy 1,400kg, and with this much power on tap, performance is stonking. The sprint from 0-62mph is dispatched in a *Porsche 911*-rivalling 4.8 seconds.

The whole experience is even better with the electric folding soft-top out of the way. Then you can listen to the rumble of the V8 – and you don't mind being harsh with the throttle and savouring that exhilarating engine note when you're paying so little for the fuel you burn in the process.

However, whether the top is up or down, the *Beira* handles with real finesse. While much of the mechanicals have been sourced from GM, Breckland engineers have focused on honing the chassis settings. Experts from KW Suspension have uprated the springs, dampers and bushes, and added thicker anti-roll bars front and rear. As a result, the newcomer isn't quite as focused as some giants in the supercar world, but it provides a decent balance between comfort and agility. Add in the impressive refinement, and it's a smooth and cosseting long-distance cruiser.

"Considering the package has been developed by a small-scale British manufacturer, the cockpit is a fantastic effort"

But that's not to say it's no fun. The power-assisted rack and pinion steering provides a decent amount of feedback, while the low-profile Bridgestone tyres serve up plenty of grip. Corners can be taken at speed, and the body remains rigid and composed. The car is agile and lively, and can be pushed a long way before you reach the limits of adhesion. Even when you do, regaining control couldn't be more simple. Put simply, it's as entertaining as its looks suggest.

OK, so when judgement day comes, LPG supercars like this won't have been the answer to the world's woes any more than hybrids look likely to be. But the *Beira's* spirit will be its salvation – it's a traditional package with an eco-friendly twist, rather than green with no substance. And it's more about style, sophistication and speed than smugness. ♣

CHEEKY GIRLS!

Can you tell them apart?

PHOTOS: JACK HARRISON

Do our eyes deceive us or are you two twins?

"Of course we're not, silly!" laughed Madison. "We're not even related, but we do like to tease the boys when we got out and pretend we're sisters…"

That doesn't sound much like teasing.

"It is when one of us snogs a lad we fancy and then goes off to the bar to get some drinks while the other one has a go!" piped up Anita.

Tell us more!

"We like to drive guys we fancy crazy by both of us hitting on them, telling them we're sisters then asking them if they want to come back to our place and sleep with us both," explained Madison. "You should see the looks on their faces when we start licking each other out!"

Now, we're not quite sure whether this is incredibly erotic or one of the cruellest jokes you can play on a young man with his trousers off. But then the mere thought of you two going down on each other has decided it for us! ♣

MADISON & ANITA
The teasing mever stops at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

This set not enough for you?
www.paulraymond.com/club

THE JOKE'S ON YOU!

Us Brits are noted for their sophisticated sense of humour. So thanks a lot to all the immigrants who must have sent in this month's offerings...

Send us your favourite filthy jokes and we could reward you with a crisp £50 note so that you can go down the pub and have a drink with your mates while you tell it! Send your joke to the usual address or mail them to clubint@paulraymond.com

A SORE POINT

A beautiful woman went to the gynaecologist. The doctor took one look at her and all his professionalism went straight out of the window. He immediately asked her to undress, after which he began to stroke her thigh.

"Do you know what I'm doing?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "you're checking for any abrasions or dermatological abnormalities."

"That is right," said the doctor. He then began to fondle her breasts. "Do you know what I'm doing now?" he asked.

"Yes," the woman said, "you're checking for any lumps or breast cancer."

"Correct," replied the shady doctor. Finally, he mounted his patient and started having sexual intercourse with her. "Do you know what I'm doing now?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "You're getting herpes; which is why I came here in the first place."

Vim, Exmouth

" You know how it is - I didn't get around to putting the words on. "

IT'S ON ME

A drunk walks into a bar and says to the bartender, Get everyone in the house a drink, pour yourself one, and let me have the bill."

So, the bartender does so and hands the man a bill for £124. The drunk says, "I don't have it."

So the bartender, slaps the guy around and throws him out.

The next day the same drunk walks into the bar and repeats, "Get everyone a drink, pour yourself one, and give me the bill."

The bartender thinks the drunk can't possibly be stupid enough to pull the same trick twice, so he pours a round of drinks for everyone, has a drink himself and hands the drunk a bill for £158.

The drunk says, "I haven't got it."

The bartender can't believe it. He picks the guy up, beats the shit out of him, then throws him out.

The next day the same drunk walks back into the same bar and says, "Bartender, buy every one in the house a drink and give me the bill."

The bartender says, "What, no drink for me?"

The drunk replies, "You? No way! You get too violent when you drink."

Scott, Scunthorpe

HUNG LIKE A BMW

A chicken and a horse were playing together when the horse falls into a pit. He yells to the chicken, "Go get the farmer, save me!"

The chicken can't find him. So he gets the farmer's BMW and drives it over to the pit, lassos the horse, ties it to the car and pulls him out.

The horse says, "Thank you! I owe you my life."

Then a couple days later they're playing again and this time the chicken falls into the mud pit and the chicken says, "Help me! Go get the farmer!"

So the horse says, "No no, I think I can get you."

The horse tells the chicken, "Grab onto my dick."

The chicken grabs on, the horse stretches back, and the horse saves the chicken's life.

The moral of the story: If you have a dick the size of a horse, you don't need a BMW to pick up chicks.

Monty, Manchester ♣

RE-RE-WIND

When Beethoven passed away, he was buried in a churchyard. A couple of days later, the town drunk was walking through the cemetery and heard some strange noise coming from the area where Beethoven was buried. Terrified, the drunk ran and got the priest to come and listen to it. The priest bent close to the grave and heard some faint, unrecognizable music coming from the grave.

Frightened, the priest ran and got the town magistrate. When the magistrate arrived, he bent his ear to the grave, listened for a moment, and said, "Ah, yes, that's Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, being played backwards."

He listened a while longer, and said, "There's the Eighth Symphony, and it's backwards, too. Most puzzling." So the magistrate kept listening, "There's the Seventh... the Sixth... the Fifth..."

Suddenly the realisation of what was happening dawned on the magistrate. He stood up and announced to the crowd that had gathered in the cemetery, "My fellow citizens, there's nothing to worry about. It's just Beethoven decomposing."

Barrie, Leeds

COME GET SOME!

Boroka likes her men to have some get up and go!

BOROKA

See Boroka's really wild video, only at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

If there's one thing we've learned working with beautiful, horny girls like Boroka, it's that shy guys never get laid, no matter how hunky they are.

"I really don't like the shy retiring type," confessed Boroka. "I just don't like having to do all the work. If a guy's really cute but scared to come over and talk to me, I'm not going to waste my time chatting him up. I like men that let you know they're into you the moment they lay eyes on you."

Music to our ears.

"It doesn't matter if they're really hunky fit guys or not – if they have the balls to come and talk to me then that means they'll have the balls to fuck me properly. I have been out with really handsome shy men before and they treat you like a china doll in the bedroom, and then I've been out with guys who aren't what you'd call lookers, but they've had plenty of front and in bed they're animals! And that's what I like, wild men with a sexual appetite to match!" ♣

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
www.paulraymond.com

CLUB GIRL OF THE MONTH

BOROKA

For the ruder pics we couldn't print, go to www.paulraymond.com/club

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Want to see her with her fingers in? Go to:

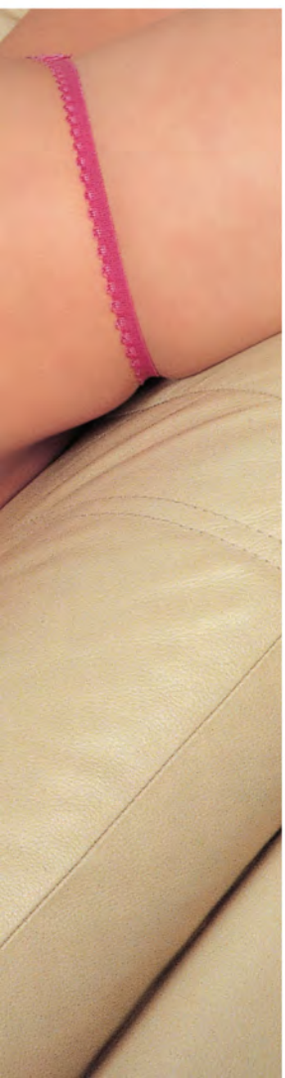
www.paulraymond.com/club

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Reckon your better half could be one of our best? Then get her to send a picture of herself, along with her name, address and a contact telephone number, to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London, W1D 7AW. If she fits the bill she'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

Give her your full support! Go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club



NAME: Lilly **AGE:** 23
VITAL STATISTICS: 36C
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? Hungry like the wolf!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
Are you kidding me? Look at my body, you should be asking me why I hadn't got in contact with you before! In fact, I'd tinkered with the idea of doing topless modelling for the newspapers but I knew I wouldn't be happy unless I was totally naked…

TOTALLY NAKED? TELL US MORE…
I wouldn't be doing this if it didn't turn me on, and just getting my boobs out wouldn't be enough. I just love knowing there will be guys out there who are fantasising about sliding their hard cocks all the way up my wet pussy.

WHAT'S YOUR MOST EXCITING SEXUAL EXPERIENCE?
The first time I really let go round my last boyfriend's house. I was a little tipsy and confessed to him and his best friend that I wanted to be in Club. They didn't believe me so I did a sexy strip for them both and played with myself in front of them while they took pictures. We ended up having an amazing threesome!

SO YOU'D LIKE TO DO THIS FOR A LIVING?
I'd love to, but I suppose that all depends on what your readers think.

ANY WORDS FOR OUR READERS THEN?
Yes, if you like what you see then make sure you tell these lovely people at Club. I'd love to do this full time and if I know you've all been getting very horny about my body then I might well jack in my day job and get my pussy out on film for you all the time. Maybe I'll even do some films… ♣

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE £250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: **Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 2 Archer St, Piccadilly, London W1D 7AW**

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: *clubint@paulraymond.com*

The Club International Stereo of Filth &

Brought to you by Club's drug-addled music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

BUENA VISTA SOCIAL CLUB

At Carnegie Hall (World Circuit)

The Buena Vista Social Club knocked out the best selling world music album ever – shifting over 8 million copies to date and thus making the Cuban old timers a shit load of cash. Their 2nd Bunsen burner (nice little earner) will wet the knickers of intellectual ladies everywhere.

COMMON

Invincible Summer (Island)

Lonnie Rashid Lynn Jr, better known to his groupie whores as Common, is back causing mayhem with his 8th album. If your kind of lady is impressed with blacked out windows, massive track suits, and big fuck off gold chains then watch as she jams 3 fingers inside herself to the beat off this hip hop gem. She might even let you video it, the mucky bitch.

DEACON BLUE

Live (P3Music)

There's been some wicked reforms over the last few years – Happy Mondays, The Verve, even the Sex Pistols needed more cash. And now? Deacon fuckin' Blue baby, yeah! And they're supporting Simple Minds at the end of November – Christmas has come early. Real Gone Kid, Wages Day, and an abundance of MILF. Get in.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Not Doing It For The Quids – A Full Time Hobby Compilation (Full Time Hobby)

£1.99 for a 10 track compilation? Even a tight cunt like me wouldn't argue with that. Full on punk rock from White Denim, acoustic ecstasy from The Accidental, and radio friendly yank indie from The Hold Steady, all for the price of a nosebag in Colombia. Well pukka!

DETROIT GRAND PUBAHS

Nuttin Butt Funk (Det.Ele.Funk)

Dr Bootygrabber & The Mysterious Mr O are certainly one fine pair of electro deviants. Funky electronic titles like Earth Hoes, Dirty Ole Man, and Butt Market will keep you dancin' for hours – hopefully horizontally in bed.

Club chats to Iglu & Hartly singer and keyboardist Sam Martin about shagging in museums and banging Brazilian birds...

What's your biggest fuck up?
My biggest fuck up to date is getting caught AND arrested for stealing lollipops from a 7-11 in the 6th grade. Lollipops? C'mon. I couldn't believe they called the police and had me thrown in the back of a fucking police car for lollipops! It was embarrassing! They were treating me like I'd just committed murder. I expected them to drag me out by my ear or something, not call the deputy. I tried to persuade the lady at the counter to let me pay for them, I mean they were like two fucking dollars. But she wasn't having it, she wanted justice.

Done any other jobs?
I've had tons of jobs! I used to work at an elderly retirement centre as a waiter. The ladies were a little old to pull, but I definitely got offered candy and other weird shit to make room visits. Jarvis and I had a short stint at American Apparel. I stole so many clothes that at one point that's all my friends and I wore. My friends would call me up at work and say I need a medium of this and large of that. Oh, how young we were. I've worked at various restaurants. Chicks would always leave their numbers on napkins and cheques. But no classy girl ever writes her fucking number on a napkin! That, or they were 16. I've always believed that hooking up with co-workers was the ticket. You know? Unless you plan on working at the restaurant for the rest of your life. Then things get messy.

What other jobs would you like to do?
I've always wanted to direct and write movies. It's been a passion of mine since I was a kid. I guess I'd hook up with the girls that I'd cast in my movies. That way you'd have a wide selection and be able to pick just what you were looking for. But who knows, an acclaimed director probably wouldn't struggle to get laid.

Have you had much business with the police?
We've been extremely lucky. I'm surprised our band has made it this far. I guess the last time we had cops knocking on our door was for loud parties we'd throw at the compound. But we lived in Echo Park, kind of a rough area, so the last thing that cops were worried about were some skinny white kids who occasionally had their music up too loud. They were out solving murders and trying to stop gang wars.

Tell us about one place on this planet that you absolutely fucking loved.
The UK was fucking incredible! And beautiful! We all went over there for a couple of weeks and played a bunch of gigs and had the time of our lives. Everyone we met was so fucking cool and down to have a good time. The girls there are wild. Love the accents. Sex? Yep. Even our manager got laid!

What do you like from a good porn film?
I don't know of any porn actresses but they're all alright with me. Keep it up girls. A good porn film mixes it up, a little bit of everything. Yeah, sure, bring that horse in here. Okay, pick up that chain, wrap it around her face. Okay, now see that fire extinguisher, turn it on full...

What nationalities of girls have you shagged? Favourites?
We don't discriminate. Brazilian girls do it best though.

Where is the most unusual place you have had sex?
In the museum of Natural History.

Top lad. Cheers Sam – keep on shagging.

Love!

NOVEMBER 2008 GIG GUIDE

Go to one of these gigs, find a skint student, promise her a Pot Noodle, and shag her in the toilets...

THE ZUTONS
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (10th)
Southampton Guildhall (11th)
Norwich UEA (13th)
Cardiff Uni (16th)
Sheffield Academy (20th)
Leeds Academy (21st)
Newcastle Academy (23rd)
Glasgow Academy (24th)
Edinburgh Corn Exhange (25th)
Carlisle Sands Centre (27th)
Lincoln Engine Shed (28th)
Brum Academy (29th)

PRIMAL SCREAM
Oxford Academy (20th)
Cardiff Uni (21st)
Bristol Academy (23rd)
Southampton Guildhall (24th)
Reading Hexagon (25th)
Nottingham Rock City (27th)
Hammersmith Apollo (28th)

THE KOOKS
Bridlington Spa Hall (28th)
Brighton Centre (29th)

THE PIGEON DETECTIVES
Grimsby Auditorium (24th)
Newcastle Academy (27th)

THE WOMBATS
London O2 Arena (15th)
London Coronet (16th)
Shepherds Bush Empire (17th)
Liverpool Arena (22nd)

WHAT'S ON THE CLUB JUKEBOX?

SANTOGOLD – Lights Out
Sexy black girl larging it in a kinky Prince fashion with no knickers. Likes facials.

DIGITALISM – Kitsune Tabloid
The electronic equivalent of having Cameron Diaz sat on your face.

ON THE GAME

MIDNIGHT CLUB LOS ANGELES
(Rock Star) *PS3, Xbox 360*
★★★★

Good old Rock Star Games, they've not failed us yet and they're not failing us now. Take the engine used for Grand Theft Auto, take out all the running around and shooting people, strap your man into a car (or bike) and let him loose in LA. No load times, just one great big sprawling city to cruise around in looking for short cuts and wild jumps to pull mental stunts on. Oh, and if you're actually going to be a sensible type and play it properly then there's a wealth of races to throw yourself into. The speeds, especially on the motorbikes are fantastic, and since this is more an arcade racer than a sim (though you can easily lose whole days tweaking your engine and customising your ride) you'll not be suffering the irritation of having to race the same guy over and over again until you've beaten him, you can just tell him to fuck off and go find some other chump to burn rubber with. If Grand Theft Auto had sex with Gotham City Racing (up the exhaust pipe), *Midnight Club Los Angeles* would be its petrol sniffing love child!

BAROQUE (Rising Star Games)
Wii
★★★

If you don't like wading into gloomy, random generated dungeons, then *Baroque* is gonna make you puke inside your randomly generated foreskin cup. But if you do, you crazy game nerd, your skinflute will be reaching for the stars with this one!

There's plot, not something we care to bother with too much, especially when we've got a chunky blade in hand and some freaky looking fuckers in front of us just itching to get their faces redesigned.

Our favourite bit is lust – get troubled by it and every baddy in the place will look like a very sexy lady who really, really wants you to go over there and give her a cuddle. You're not supposed to enjoy it but we just couldn't help watching as we got slaughtered by hot chicks!

SUPER SWING GOLF (Rising Star Games)
Wii
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Are you suffering from girlfriend nag? Does she get all frustrated when she can't get the little dimpled ball in Tiger Woods to go into the itty bitty hole with the stick in it? Would you like her to shut up and just take her sodding go? Perhaps you're better off with *Super Swing Golf* then. She'll probably be just as shit at the regular golf on this as she is on Tiger Woods but Super Swing Golf has some sweet little party games up its sleeve to relieve the tension, namely Balloon Bash, which is exactly like a normal round of golf but with the added problem of the sky being filled with balloons. You score points for sinking the ball and popping as many balloons as you can. Add in the weird and wonderful graf crayon, which allows you to scrawl all over the screen, and god wind (giving you control of the wind), and you've got fun for her and revenge for yourself!

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

SHE MADE ME DO IT!

I have been seeing Mike for a while and the best thing about our relationship is the sex! We often disappear for days at a time, friends unable to contact us, and have spent entire weekends just fucking each other senseless. Only occasionally would we stop to take on food, but even then it usually led to fucking on the kitchen counter. The same with having a shower – it would start off innocently enough, but before you knew it, I'd be on my knees, sucking his cock.

This weekend we decided to make the effort to leave the house and be social. We had only been out for 20 minutes and I was already aching to be fucked by his thick cock again.

I caught sight of our group of friends and went over to chat as Mike went to the bar. I was instantly greeted by Chloe, a brunette with whom I'd coyly flirted with for ages (I'm always more than happy to swing both ways for the right girl!). She asked if I wanted to go and 'powder my nose' with her. I smiled and nodded, feeling like a shy school girl around someone so beautiful.

Chloe and I chatted in the toilets for a while about this and that when she commented on the fact that we hadn't been around much and slyly asked how the sex with Mike was.

"Oh! Um… well, quite amazing actually!"

"Yeah, I always imagined he'd be quite good in bed," Chloe mused. She turned her head towards me and gave me a half grin.

"Chloe kissed me hard, her tongue probing my mouth urgently…"

"Actually, I always thought you'd be an amazing lay too," she said, raising one eyebrow at me. Just as I was thinking how to reply, Chloe kissed me hard, her tongue probing my mouth urgently. I couldn't believe she'd made such a bold move – especially as I was more than happy with Mike, but as her hands slid beneath my skirt, gently rubbing at my silk panties, my mind raced with thoughts of pushing her against the wall and licking that sweet pussy that I was dying to taste. She moaned softly into my mouth, before pulling away from me. She slid my soaking wet underwear down over my thighs, not tearing her gaze away from me the entire time. She turned around, bending over in front of me, letting me get a perfect view of that

sexy bum as she picked my underwear up from the floor.

"Give these to Mike," she whispered before giving me one last lingering kiss and handing my panties to me. As she walked out of the door, I could do nothing but think of being fucked. I wanted to be filled with Mike's hard cock and I wanted it now.

I walked upstairs again and locked eyes on Mike. I slid my hand into his pocket, dropping my underwear in amongst his keys and wallet. He looked at me and delved his hand in there, his eyes lighting up as he recognised the feel of my silky lingerie. He grabbed my hand and pulled me outside, looking for somewhere he could screw me.

Seeing no better option, he led me across the road to the car park and almost dragged me up the stairs. He led me on to the top level and looked around, scanning the scene, before bending me over the bonnet of a Jaguar. The cold metal rubbed against my tits through my top, making my nipples instantly hard. As I looked over my shoulder at Mike, I felt his hands hitch my skirt up and his cock penetrate me hard. Sliding in and out of my tight cunt, I could feel Mike's cock going deeper and deeper with each thrust. I was already wet from the way Chloe fingered me but now I was absolutely dripping. It felt so good to have something so big and thick inside of me, filling every inch of my pussy up. I groaned loudly, Mike's hand instantly clamping over my mouth, silencing me so

"She slid my soaking wet underwear down over my thighs, not tearing her gaze away..."

we wouldn't get caught. My back now arched, he pounded me even harder, his balls slapping against my clit. I could tell he was going to come so I got on my knees in front of him, ready for the pay off. I closed my eyes just as he shot his load in my throat. I swallowed hard, licking up every drop of his come. As he caught his breath I glanced at the security camera, blowing it a kiss, knowing that our entire session had been recorded! We've invited Chloe round for a drink next week, and I'm sure things are going to get even hotter

Sandy, Bedford

18 TO DIRTY

Last Summer a few of my mates and I decided to go away to Majorca on an 18-30 holiday. We were all approaching 30 fast, so

we figured we may as well do it while we still could – just to see if all the hype and stories you hear were true, you understand...

We were in a resort in Palma Nova, and it was just what you expect – loads of Brits on the piss. It was a good laugh, but I was a bit disappointed with the girls there. They were certainly up for it, as my mates regular conquests demonstrated, but maybe because I was getting a bit older, I was looking for someone a bit more experienced, someone a bit closer to my own age.

Thursday night was karaoke night in the bar we'd started every other night, so we pushed off down to the beach bar expecting the usual night of awful wailing. Immediately the girl running the karaoke caught my eye. She was up on stage singing wonderfully and trying to encourage the masses to give it a try. She was around my age, with long straight dark hair, a lovely slim figure and big boobs squeezed into a tight black dress. I couldn't take my eyes off her all evening.

After the singing was over, I spied her going to the bar, so I made my way over to try and introduce myself. She was surrounded by a load of braying, spotty lads badly trying it on with her. I casually walked up and asked if I could get her a drink. She accepted gratefully, then said, "Actually, do you want to get out of here?"

I readily agreed and we went to a much quieter bar down the road. Once there she thanked me, apparently all the eager young lads would hassle her after every performance, trying their best to get into the knickers of an older woman, but she'd shagged a few lads when she first started out here and realised that though they would be up for more ten minutes later, it was never worth it for the bad sex they gave her.

She told me her name was Megan and she had been doing the Summer seasons over here for five years. We had a great time all evening – getting on really well. I really liked her, and I could tell she liked me as she had

started putting her hand on my knee as we talked, looking deep into my eyes and laughing at most of my jokes.

At about midnight she coyly asked, "Do you want to come upstairs for a drink?" while running her hand up my leg. Only a madman would turn that down.

Once inside her room she was on me before I had even shut the door, pressing her hot soft body up against mine as she pushed her tongue into my mouth. I kissed back hard, and ran my hands down her back and onto her perfect shapely arse, my hands rubbing round the firm orbs. My cock had begun to stiffen already and she could feel it, pressing her belly firmly against my hardness. I pushed her backwards down onto the bed and continued kissing, while slipping the straps of her dress off her shoulders and exposing her breasts. They were glorious, large tanned boobs, topped with big pinky brown nipples. I took one in my mouth and ran my tongue over and around its hardness as she moaned appreciatively.

Leaning back, I pulled her dress off of the rest of her body. She moved upwards and stripped my shorts and pants off, exposing my rock hard cock. She shuffled backwards up the bed while stripping off her tiny black thong. She was obviously hot as fuck because she spread her legs wide, inviting me to enter her with whatever I fancied filling her with. I climbed onto the bed and she expertly guided my knob towards her hot and wet pink lips. I pushed deep inside her, while she arched her back and pressed her shaven mound against me. She was tight and wet, and I built up a steady rhythm, pushing deep inside as she moaned loudly.

"She was obviously hot as fuck because she opened her legs wide, inviting me to enter her with whatever I fancied filling her with"

After a few minutes of this ecstasy, she stopped me and got up off the bed. "Come on, out here," she said and ran out onto her balcony, I followed her out and she was bent over the railing, arse in the air and looking back and grinning at me. "I have always wanted to do it out here!" she grinned.

I came up to her, pulled her cheeks apart and slid my meat deep into her pussy again. As I pumped into her, her moans carried out over the night sky, and I could see all the holiday makers far below us, oblivious to us fucking above them. She began to moan and whine even louder, and started to push back hard against my cock, while I grabbed hold of the railing to give myself more leverage. All her backward thrusting was pushing me closer towards climax. As if sensing this, she eased off my cock and turned round, getting to her knees and taking my helmet into her mouth while stroking my shaft with her hand.

I began to come, and she took it out of her mouth and aimed at her tits, wanking me furiously while I spurted white jizz all over her smooth brown boobs, milking me until all of my seed was spent, then licking me clean and saying when I was ready again I'd have to fuck her just like that till I made her come properly.

The rest of the week was a haze of fantastic fucking and I was gutted when it was time to leave. My only worry now is next year; I am going to have to lie about my age this time!

Nat, Swindon ♣

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Want something better than Location Location Location on your massive telly? Why not try one of these?

RATINGS: ★ PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE ★★ 10 COMMANDMENTS ★★★ OCEAN'S ELEVEN ★★★★ DIRTY DOZEN ★★★★★ PRECINCT 13

Assault on Precinct 13 (Optimum Home Entertainment)

John Carpenter's made some cracking low budget movies over the years, and this one's really stood the test of time (although it still got a remake a couple of years back...). It's basically a cowboy flick about a gang of outlaws laying siege to the sheriff's office, but updated to the modern, mean streets of South Central, LA. Carpenter was never one not to commit to a project, so as well as writing and directing, he also composed the eerie dystopian soundtrack. Casting a load of relatively unknown faces (largely thanks to those budgetary restrictions), the film was brought in for $100,000, and while it rather bombed in America, it went down a storm over here. Claustrophobic and atmospheric, it's a classic in anyone's book. ★★★★★

Jesus Is Magic (Warner Music Entertainment)

You think you know where you are with Jewish comedy (yada yada) and then something comes along that makes you alter your preconceptions. Well, that something in this instance happens to be Sarah Silverman. After a bit of a backroom gig on *Saturday Night Live* she's now making a name for herself in America, thanks to her taboo-busting stand-up routine. This flick is basically an edit of a stand-up gig, with a bit of extra stuff thrown in round the edges. Don't buy it if you're easily offended. Like you'd be reading Club anyway! ★★★

Entourage Season 4 (HBO)

Why is it that in this country the advent of multi-channel broadcasting has meant that everyone's making loads more crap to fill up the airtime, while in America subscription channels like HBO are consistently knocking out some of the best TV drama and comedy that's been made for years? *Entourage* is a case in point, an intelligent, Hollywood-bating comedy that actually assumes its viewers have got a few brain cells to rub together. It's into season 4 now, and is showing no signs of letting up yet, so the six hours on offer in this set should be quite enough until HBO roll something else off the production line. ★★★★

Street Kings (20th Century Fox)

When it comes to hard-bitten cop movies, a pretty good seal of quality is spotting the name James Ellroy somewhere in the mix, and sure enough, this hard-bitten cop movie is based on one of his screenplays. So if you're expecting a tale of good cops gone bad and bad cops gone even worse, you won't be disappointed. There are a few big names up there, too, in the form of Oscar-winner Forest Whitaker, non-Oscar winner Keanu Reeves and Hollywood's favourite Brit Hugh Laurie (who may even shake off his Bertie Woster associations soon if he keeps this up) all working well to make this a pretty punchy addition to the genre. ★★★

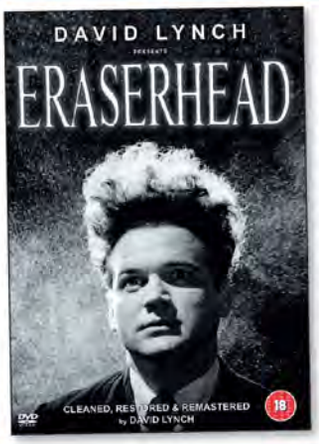
Three And Out (Worldwide Bonus Entertainment)

This one caused a bit of a stir when it hit the big screen a few months back, causing disgruntled Tube drivers to protest outside the premiere in Leicester Square. Still, at least they didn't threaten to go on strike about it which made a nice change! *Office* and *Pirates of the Caribbean* star MacKenzie Crook stars as an underground driver who's unlucky enough to run over two 'customers' within a month. A third, according to colleagues, will result in a whopping pay-off for the trauma, so off he goes to find a volunteer for the chop. You can see why TfL staff got the hump, but this is actually quite a touching British drama with a few laughs as well. ★★★

Zombie, Zombies, Zombies (Revolver)

Hmm, with a cryptic title like that, we weren't quite sure what to expect with this one – but guess what – it's about zombies! Not just zombies, mind – because the poor beleagured humans holding out against the hordes of drug-addled undead happen to be, for the most part, strippers. So we've got splatter and sexploitation all rolled into one! Sound like a cheesy 70's grindhouse offering? Well, that's no accident – this flick is definitely something of an homage to blood and boob-spattered cheapos of yesteryear. Probably not first choice if you're after a romantic night in with the girlfriend, but if you've got some mates round… perfect! ★★

Eraserhead (Scanbox Entertainment)



We've reviewed our fair share of weird films, but it's hard to remember the last time we ran anything quite as loopy as this! It's David Lynch's first proper full-length feature, and there's no denying the genius. Jack Nance stars as Henry Spencer, our curiously be-quiffed hero who ends up looking after his freakish looking kid after his girlfriend walks out. Not much of a plot, then, but then this is really all about the visuals, and it's hard to think of many films that have come close to reproducing *Eraserhead*'s originality. Completely remastered by the man himself, this comes with six early shorts and is utterly unique. ★★★★

Tipple X

Each issue, purely in the interests of investigative journalism, Club's dedicated team will be tracking down and taste testing some premium booze just so we can give you the lowdown. This month: the best thing to happen to spuds since mash…

Chopin Potato Vodka

What…

A lot of great things have come out of Poland over the years; the Ed's first ever girlfriend, the Polish Airforce that chipped in so helpfully during the Battle of Britain, those nice chaps who built my mum's new kitchen last year, and of course that nimble-fingered pianist and composer Chopin… oh, and potato vodka, the last two of which seem to have combined seamlessly to produce this elegant little number.

Why…

OK, so the sort of spud sauce Lech Walesa and his shipbuilding chums used to knock back after a hard day's solidarity-ing would probably seem a bit on the rough side to us lilly-livered westeners, but then Chopin here is Premium vodka, which means that while you do indeed have to pay a premium for it, it's also a damn sight smoother and more refined than the gut-rot of the good old commie days.

Where…

Well, the shipbuilders at Gdansk might consider you a bit of a pansy if you asked for one of these in their canteen, but thankfully you won't look so out of place in any of the trendy vodka bars that abound in any city worth its salt these days – in which Chopin is proving to be quite a popular option…

When…

Perhaps after practicing your études on the old joanna, or else whenever you find yourself sitting uneasily between an ambitious looking German and a great big Russian and feel the need to calm your nerve.

How…

Let's face it, vodka's got to be one of the most versatile spirits, so in any number of ways, really. If you've got any Ardbeg left over from last month, why not try a smoky martini, which is six parts ice-shaken and strained vodka to one part Ardbeg? Mmmm!

Who…

Think we can fit any Polish names in a space this small? Well think again! ♣

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PEACHES

It's the only place to find all of your bum banter and tales of backdoor fun – every month!

SLUTTY BUM-FUCK

I met Gary by complete accident. We had both climbed into the same cab outside the station and as it was pissing with rain we decided to share.

It turned out we both worked in the city, and there was an immediate attraction between us. We had exchanged numbers by the end of the journey and after a few dates I had realised that most of my previous lovers hadn't had a clue how to please a woman.

For a start, Gary just loves sucking on my pussy and has a great tongue technique, where he tickles my clit with the tip and then plunges as much of it as he could right up my hole. He'll repeat this over and over again until I'm climbing the walls with lust. Gary likes to keep me hovering on the edge of a climax for ages doing this and then suddenly slide a couple of fingers straight up my sopping cunt, sending

"Gary just loved sucking on my pussy and had a great tongue technique"

me right over the top. On top of that, he almost never comes before me. Even when I made it my ambition in life to make him shoot his load before I orgasmed, nine times out of ten I still end up coming first.

Seeing as he's such a thoughtful lover, I made a real effort to please him too. I wore stockings for the first time in years and we went shopping for a whole new wardrobe of sexy underwear that I took great pleasure in wearing for him whenever we fucked, which was nearly every night.

Last Friday, we'd had a meal out and beneath my slinky black cocktail dress I had on my favourite black nylons, red lacy basque, and I was wearing these raunchy knee-length black stiletto boots that he'd bought me as a present the day before. I felt really horny all the time we were at the restaurant and when Gary slipped his hand under the table, stroked up my stockinged thigh and gently brushed

against the taut crotch of my satin panties, he must have been able to feel the pussy juice already oozing from my hole.

As soon as we got in, we tore each other's clothes off and Gary threw me down on the sofa, dragging my big full tits from the wired cups of my basque so he could suck my bulging nipples into his warm mouth. I already had his stiff fat dick in my hand, stroking it maniacally, and wriggled beneath his muscled body, eager for once to just shove it straight into my throbbing pussy. Gary was having none of it though, and moved his mouth from my quivering tits down in between my parted thighs, licking along the taut nylon until he reached my, by now, naked slit. He slurped at my hairless swollen lips, smearing my juices over my clit, and pushed his tongue all the way inside as I'd come to expect and yearn for. I certainly didn't expect Gary's next move though! He slipped his tongue

"He slurped at my hairless swollen lips, smearing my juices over my clit, and pushed his tongue all the way inside"

from my gash and moved it down until the tip was tickling my arsehole, teasing me by licking round the edge and darting it quickly right across my hole.

Now, I've never had anal sex and never really wanted to as I always imagined it would hurt like hell, but this was nice and instead of pushing his head away I wriggled lower in the sofa and raised my legs up high, giving him easier access.

Spurred on by my encouragement, Gary spread my bumcheeks with his hands and eased his tongue just inside my taut little hole. The copious amounts of pussy fluid that he'd spread across both my holes helped lubricate the insertion and I was amazed at how horny his filthy probing was making me.

At that very moment I knew, for the first time, I had to have a cock buried deep inside my arse!

With my stiletto boots still raised high in the air, I groped my cunt with one hand, sliding three fingers effortlessly up my tunnel and using the palm of my hand to rub at my button, and with the other hand I grasped for Gary's prick. Realising what I wanted, he turned me onto my side so that my arse was sticking out over the edge of the sofa. He allowed me a few wanks of his trembling dick as he hungrily pistoned his tongue in and out of my butthole, easing a finger inside as well, gradually stretching the opening, ready for his meat. Then he took his lovely cock away from me and I came on my fingers as slurping and squelching noises filled the lounge, my arse on fire at the feel of his fingers slipping faster and faster up my rear. I'd always thought that only dirty sluts took it up the bum and it was driving me wild with lust realising that I was going to be that filthy too.

Gary knelt on the floor next to the sofa and positioned his large purple knob in between my slippery cheeks and directly against my arsehole. He grasped one stockinged thigh and leaned slightly forward. At first, he only slapped his thick meat against my cheeks, but then he began to investigate my ring, rubbing his helmet against my entrance. I could feel my arse begin to open up and accommodate the tip. A mixture of excitement and nervousness gripped my body as he pressed a bit harder. Jeez, would I be able to take his monster cock after all? Would it hurt, would – "Fuck!" I yelled as my butt entrance finally succumbed to the pressure and his rock hard shaft shot inside my tightest of tunnels. Gasping with shock I concentrated on the engulfing sensation of heat, fullness and aching that coursed through my crotch. Gary stroked my tits and waited patiently for me to settle into this awesome new feeling. I managed to relax the muscles clamped around Gary's cock and he sensed this and slid his rod in a bit further before pulling back. He repeated the movement and went deeper still until my arse was completely stuffed with his prick. I started to fiddle with my clit as I became aware of every minute twitch of his dick, every centimetre of movement inside my bum – I couldn't believe that my arse was so much more sensitive than my pussy! I came again as I obscenely began to slide my rear along his shaft, moaning with pleasure as the burning lust of my first anal fuck took me over.

"Gary spread my bumcheeks with his hands and eased his tongue just inside..."

This was the cue for Gary to lose control and as my anus clenched his dick like a vice because of my I climax, he exploded inside me, firing jet after jet of spunk deep up my back passage, the super-sensitive walls of my bum tunnel allowing me to feel every single squirt until his dick began to shrink and he slipped out of my throbbing arsehole, trailing goo all over my buttocks, stockinged thighs and down onto the carpet.

As we lay there exhausted, I was amazed that I had never experienced such intense pleasure before and had always shied away from slutty bum-fucking.

Slowly the delicious ache subsided in my arse and I pledged to make sure this hole got its fair share of the action in future! And you'll be pleased to hear, it has done!

Marina, Harrow ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?
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SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Want some Sci-Fi scruff, or some gay-looking grumble? Then you've come to just the right place!

RATINGS: ★ SEX WITH THE ED ★★ SEX WITH YOURSELF ★★★ SEX WITH SCOTT TRACY ★★★★ SEX WITH JO ★★★★★ SEX WITH MILLA JOVOVICH

Sexth Element (Private)

Another timely porno parody from Private – a mere 11 years after Luc Besson's *Fifth Element* hit the big screens. Still, topicality isn't really where it's at when it comes to scruff, so we'll forget about that and plough on with the flick! A couple of archeologists decypher a secret code and celebrate by banging a couple of birds in the desert, one of whom wanks them both off over her chum's upturned twat. Aliens arrive and we cut to the Bruce Willis character, who buggers a bint in a field overlooking the futuristic town. Loads more scenes follow in an eye-catching film featuring a dazzling array of asses and accents! ★★★★

WIN A COPY!

Yep, we've got 5 copies of Private's Sextacular Sexth Element to give away - just tell us which tasty foreign lass starred in the original *Fifth Element*, and send your answers to: **Club's Elementary Competition, PRP, 2 Archer Street, London, W1D 7AW** (or email *clubint@paulraymond.com*) to reach us no later than November 7th.

Pervertz (Harmony)

There can't be that many films that kick off with two nuns wanking (at least not since Ken Russell hung up his boots), can there? That's what we get here, though, in Harmony's latest offering from directrix Tanya Hyde. The unheavenly sisters are soon anally dildoing each other, and then sucking off a priest through a glory hole in the confessional! Good Lord! The next scene, of fetish club debauchery, features possibly the first ever Thunderbirds costume to appear in a bongo flick. More glory hole filth follows, in a very dirty film that seems to feature a lot of gay imagery. Who's it aimed at, we wonder? ★★★

Sex With Jo (vivthomas.com)

Mmm, sex with Jo – now there's an idea! This flick stars Club's former regular Jo(sie), getting up to all sorts of muckiness with her lady chums – including Stella! Okay, so it's a compilation of previously available scenes, but then unless you already happen to have seen them, it's none the worse for that. First up is a lesbo game of tennis with Ella, with more lesbiage to come with Veronika and Welsh school mistress-y strumpet Kelle. Then, after some solo fun from our heroine (in a tutu!), it's time for Vera, and then Club legend Sandy, to get a slice of sweet Jo ass! And with Stella bringing up the rear, let's face it, what's not to like? ★★★★

PERVERTED DOMINATRIX

SEEKS WORTHY SLAVE!

36p per minute

CONGRATULATIONS!

YOU'RE MY NEW BITCH!

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ASIAN SLUTS

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HORNY WIVES

BORED AT HOME

AVAILABLE NOW FOR

filthy FUCKING

0982 506 0457

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BLACK BOOTY

HARDCORE EBONY RELIEF!

NEW 36p per minute

0982 506 0470

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Lady BOY

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CARESSES UR THROBBING COCK!

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DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

SEEKING NO-STRINGS FUCK SESSION!

36p per minute

I'M HOME ALONE & FEELING EXTREMELY HORNY

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BLONDE SLUT

WANTS YOUR COCK IN HER

A**E

STRETCH ME FUCK ME CUM IN ME!

"TINKER WITH MY SPHINCTER"

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GRANNY SLUTS	0909 944 0847
KNICKERS	0909 944 0832
HOUSEWIVES	0909 944 0755
JUST LEGAL 18+	0909 945 6092
FETISH BITCH	0909 945 6056

DOMINATION 0909 944 0837

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PUMP MY PUSSY FULL OF YOUR HOT CUM

FUCK ME HARD & DEEP IN MY HOT TIGHT PINK CUNT!

36p per minute

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FILTHY GRANNY

NEEDS YOUR FACE RIGHT UP INSIDE HER CUNT

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SLOPPY BLOW JOB

CUM GUZZLIN' SLUT SWALLOWS YOUR STICKY CUM

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ASIAN CUTIE

MUNCH HER SHAVEN CUNT!

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Knicker Lovers

SNIFF MY DAMP PATCH

0908 140 9934

Only 46p per Minute

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DIRTY DOM EVIL

CUMS IN MANY FORMS!

SICK! BITCH

0909 944 0808

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Upper Class SLUT

POSH XXX FILTH

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Just Legal 18+

Fuck My Tits

Spunk in my face

Young & Hungry For Cum!

LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE

Fuck my tight Pussy!

LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE

36p per MINUTE

0982 506 0116

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FILTHY LIVE 121 SEX

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A**L ACTION!	0982 506 0401
ASIAN BABES	0982 506 1459
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OLDER WOMEN	0982 506 1518
PURE FILTH	0982 506 1586

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THAI LADY BOY

SORDID SLUT DESPERATE FOR COCK!

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DIRTY LIVE SEX

FILTHY GRANNY

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Stella

...where to stick it!

PHOTOS: 21ST SEXTURY

Where would a girl be without her little black cocktail dress? Not that I'd imagine any of you would have an answer for that – well not a decent one at least!

Oh come on, you were all thinking the same thing, you were all thinking that a girl without her little black cocktail dress is a naked girl. Well, you can stop thinking that right now because I'm going to show you exactly what a girl without her little black cocktail dress is.

This would have worked better if you weren't all right – I took my little black cocktail dress off and fuck me if I wasn't

"Sometimes I just wish I could go to a party naked – then I could cut through all the crap..."

stark naked underneath!

Sometimes I wish I could just go to a party naked, then I could cut through all the crap and all the men in the room could stop looking at me out of the corner of their eyes and just have a good look. I did try some sneaky flashing at a party once, but all the men got scared and didn't know where to look!

What is it with men? Half the time you're imagining what we girls look like with our clothes off but when you actually get the chance to find out you run away!

So to all those guys who get scared of my naked bod – don't be afraid to stare! ♣

Stella...where to stick it!
Come on lads, she wants you to look! Go to:
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Paul Raymond TV
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Stella...where to stick it!
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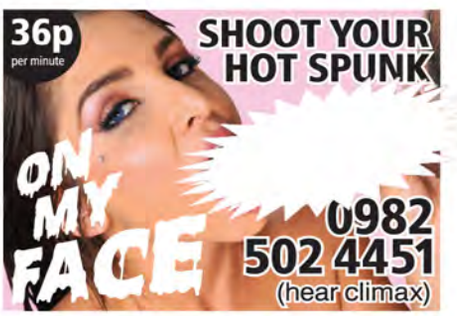

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All fantasies catered for. Teenies to Grannies (18 -65) always available, will call you back within 5mins from the privacy of their own homes..
No recordings, No Voices in the background
No Restrictions.
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You'll never CUM anywhere else again!
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PLEASURE Dome

MASSAGE

SCANDINAVIAN BLONDE - Call Inga. Blonde, hot sexy beauty returns from Arizona **07736 361150**
or 020 7730 1961
Sloane Street.
www.danishbritta.co.uk

SEX LINES

TIGHT asian SLUTS
"fuck my little holes long time"
CALL ONLY 35P per minute
"let me pleasure Your hard cock with my pussy"
0982 505 0994
Service provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. Call cost 35p per minute plus your phone company's access charge. Calls recorded. Help: 03332002321. 18+ only. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile may receive free promo msgs, call 03332002321 to opt out.

Calls Recorded. 48p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145.

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18+. Calls recorded. 09=36p per min + your network's access charge. SP:Candywall. Helpdesk 0207 966 9676.

Calls Recorded, 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145

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ladyboys
WANT THEIR TIGHT ASSHOLES PENETRATED DEEP NOW
35P per minute
DRILL ME DEEP WHILE I CALL WANK FOR YOU
0982 505 2044
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SEX CONTACTS

Kimberly Single mum- doesn't get enough! I'm looking for No Strings SEX only!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 104**

Joanne Blonde 32DD - Midlands very dirty loves All ways!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 100**

Alison Curvy & very sexy. Looking for men to give sexy times. I'd love to dress up for you.
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 102**

Sam Petite size 6 - very sexual loves to please! Anything Goes!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 106**

Kelly Student, wants extra fun!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 108**

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Calls Recorded, 46p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145

SEX 1-2-1 NO BORING INTRO
Adult Chat
0909 534 22 66
Mobiles Call 69179 60p per min
Txt 'Wet' to 69695 £1.20 PER MSG P/C
from your mobile
We'll do anything

ADC Media PO Box 4504 M61 0GJ. Calls recorded & cost 36p per min plus your network access charge. 69179=60p per min. Over 18s. Bill payers permission. Texts cost £1.20 each to receive + standard network charges apply. To opt out of marketing send STOP ALL to 69695 at any time. We may send promo msgs. Helpline/Opt Out 0161 607 3017.

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FORCED TO BE A SISSY BITCH!
WELCOME TO SISSY SCHOOL!
46p PER MINUTE
TRAINED TO TAKE MISTRESSES COCK!
46p PER MINUTE
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10p PER MIN
MEN
0871.208.5000
WOMEN FREE
0333.014.9999
*0871 cost 10 pence per minute plus network extras. First Media Ltd. PO BOX 62424, E14 1FN. 18+. Help: 0203 763 5889

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new
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LIVE 1-2-1
60+ chat
Betty wants HARD cock NOW!
0909 854 3341

FILTHIEST FONE FUCK
LIVE 1-2-1
0909 854 3330

the wank line
OPEN WIDE...
0909 854 3343

Live Sex chat
I'M ALL WET & HORNY SO FUCK ME!
0909 854 3342

30 SEC WANK
NO BORING INTRO!
0909 854 3331

LIVE FILL MY A**E
TILL IT'S DRIPPING WITH UR CUM
46p
0908 520 1102

She's a cock hungry
MILF
0909 854 3338

I'LL BE YOUR SLUT!
She's waiting for your cock!
CALL:
0909 854 3336

xXx GAY STORIES
from 31p
Dial & Spunk
0908 789 1100
LIVE 1-2-1: 0909 854 3335

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Lick my fucking CUNT bitch!
0909 854 3333

HARD BONDAGE
LIVE 1-2-1 SEX!
0909 854 3339

Virgin Teen Chat
18+
CALL NOW!!
Get your COCK out and WANK with ME!
0909 854 3334

Smash the Granny out of this Granny!
XXX
0909 854 3344

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36p
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Virgin no more!
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My boss fucked me
Hard domination
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My steamy first time

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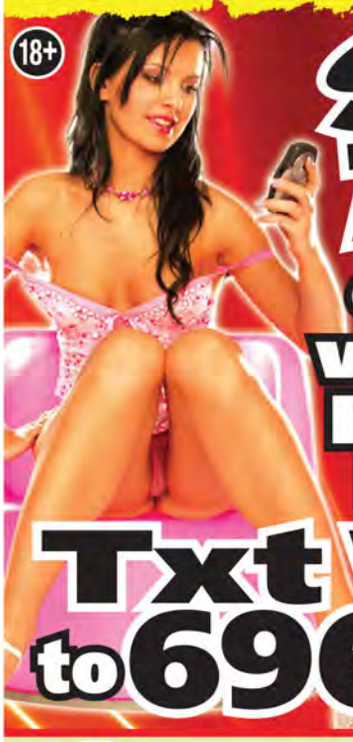
HARDCORE SEX LINES



18+

SEX TEXT

GIRLS waiting RIGHT NOW!

Txt Wet to 69695 £1.20 PER MSG/PIC

LISTEN IN! LIVE WANKING

BACKDOOR EXCITEMENT
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18+ SUZY THE VIRGIN
0909 860 0012

NURSE ANGELA
0909 860 0013

SHAVE SILKY SMOOTH
0909 860 0014

HAND JOB
0909 860 0015

SUCK MY FEET
0909 860 0016

FAMILY DEAL
0909 860 0017

FRIEND'S STRAP ON
0909 860 0018

SEX SOUNDS
0909 860 0019

CREAM ON MY MASSIVE TITS
0909 860 0020

HOT STICKY PANTIES
0909 860 0021

NAUGHTY TIGHT 18+ VIRGIN
0909 860 0023

HORNY HOUSEWIFE
0909 860 0024

LICK YOUR MISTRESS
0909 860 0025

36p per minute FILTHY SLUT FINGER FUCK JUST FOR YOU
0909 860 0026

LIVE 1-2-1

Cheap Filthy Granny Chat

1-2-1

36p per minute 0909 860 0027 Mobiles 69179 60p per min

XXX Hardcore Quickie

ACTUAL SOUNDS!

LIVE FUCKING
0909 860 0079

SEX ADVICE LINES 1-2-1

AN*L SEX
0909 860 0028

FEMALE MASTURBATION
0909 860 0029

ORAL SEX (WOMEN)
0909 860 0030

ORAL SEX (MEN)
0909 860 0031

HOW TO TREAT 18+ A VIRGIN
0909 860 0032

SEXUAL DOMINATION
0909 860 0075

SIZE IS IT IMPORTANT?
0909 860 0076

LESBIAN POSITIONS
0909 860 0077

TV/TS ADVICE
0909 860 0078

18+ SQUEEZE INSIDE my TIGHT teen VIRGIN HOLE
36p per minute LIVE 0909 860 0080

FUCK ME while my husbands at work!
STRANGERS make my PUSSY so WET
LIVE 1-2-1 XXX FUCKING!!
0909 860 0081
36p per minute

36p per minute UNLOAD ON GRANNY!!
she's GAGGING for COCK! WANK OFF NOW
0909 860 0082 LIVE 1-2-1

36p per minute www.35p-cheap-phone-sex.com PHONE SEX 36p per minute

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IF THE SHOE FITS

Martha doesn't just wear those heels on her feet...

PHOTOS: KEVIN MAKLIN

We haven't seen Martha for a while, but that doesn't mean she's not been in our hearts and minds. What have you been up to then, sweetheart?

"Well, since I last saw you guys I've got a new boyfriend, and he's a bit kinky!"

Right, sorry, you mentioned the word kinky there, you're going to have to give us the full details...

"Well, he's reall,sy into shoes. High heels especially. I don't think we've had sex without him making me wear a pair and we've been together for six months!"

So the pair that you have on now, they've been involved in some of your sexy games?

"These are the ones I use to drive him wild by sliding them up pussy while he watches. That usually ensures I get the shag of my life every time!" ♣

Would you like to slipper one? Then go to:
www.paulraymond.com/club

MARTHA

If more of Martha's what you're after, go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

MARTHA

STICK IT IN THE REAR!

CHECK OUT MORE RUBBISH THAT'S BEEN FILLING UP OUR INBOX. GOT MORE TO SEND? GET IT OVER TO clubint@paulraymond.com

INCREDIBLE SAVINGS!
You save absolutely nothing! Now when was the last time you saw such a great deal?

SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE
This is my come face, and if you look inside the glass case you'll see my great grandmother, who died while getting fucked right proper!

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK
It's not a cheap handsfree mobile, it's an expensive headsfree voicemail service.

PLEASE HELP
Karate?! Twat, everyone knows you need silver bullets to kill ninjas…

BRING IT ON
We killed your dad, we'll fuck you up too, hobo!

STROKE! STROKE! STROKE!
Come on you stupid slag, it's half a mile to the nearest fag shop and I'm smoking me last one!

WHO'S THE WANKER IN THE RIVER?
The Blind Football Association thought it was onto a great deal when they bought their new grounds for under a tenner…

EXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT IS

ISSUE 37.12
ON SALE
6TH NOV

CHANTA-CLAWS!

THIS PUSSY CAT WILL LEAVE HER MARK ON YOU...

PLUS : BUY THIS ISSUE, AND WE'LL THROW IN A BONUS DVD!*

*Sorry, just for UK readers

Yes, I'll hold – Natasha wants your ding-a-ling!

Tiff little fingers – she can't keep them out of her pants!

Do you know this woman? Because she's one of your girlfriends...

CHEAPER WANKING by CREDIT CARD

VISIT www.PHONE-SEX-JERK.co.uk CUM HARD RIGHT NOW ON THE CHEAP

enjoy a cheaper wank!

CHEAP W*NK LINES

CALL NOW & SHOOT YOUR LOAD

UNZIP & UNLOAD
0909 466 5775*

0982 505 1600 - DIRTY PHONE SEX
0982 505 1601 - FILTHY GRANNIES F*CK ROUGH
0982 505 1602 - QUICKIE RELIEF W*NK
0982 505 1603 - GREEDY YOUNG TEEN 18+ SEX
0982 505 1604 - SQUEEZE INSIDE MY TIGHT C*NT
0982 505 1605 - 30 SECOND W*NKS
0982 505 1606 - GRANNY BUCKET C*NT
0982 505 1609 - 50+ GAGGING FOR SEX
0982 505 1610 - QUICKIE W*NK
0982 505 1607 - HEAR ME CLIMAX
0982 505 1608 - FRESH YOUNG TEENS 18+ NEED F*CKING

OLDER LADIES WANT CASUAL SEX
0982 505 1497

QUICKIE SEX RELIEF LINE
0909 466 5777*

CHEAPEST W*NK EVER!
SPEEDY W*NKS 0982 505 1499

84 YR OLD GRANNY
WELCOMES ANY C*CK SHE CAN GET
GRANNY FR*GGS HER TIRED OLD C*NT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO NEED A F*CK
0982 505 1491

0909 864 0217 - GRANNY LICKS YOUR RIM WHILE YOU W*NK
0909 864 0254 - VIRGINS 18+ NEED THEIR CHERRYS POPPED THE HARD WAY
0909 864 0264 - MILF F*CKING ON THE CHEAP - UNLOAD
0909 864 0657 - COLLEGE BABES 18+ CRAVE A HARD POUNDING
0909 864 0672 - 40+ DIVORCED UP FOR SEX IN YOUR AREA XXX
0909 864 0683 - DUMB ARSE SLUTS WILL TAKE IT ALL
0982 505 1490 - GRANNY F*CKING HEAVEN - ENJOY AN OLD C*NT
0982 505 1494 - LET ME HEAR YOU W*NK WHILE I FINGER MY C*NT
0909 864 0687 - GENUINE VIRGINS 18+ WANT OLDER GUYS FOR 1ST F*CK
0909 864 0694 - BACKDOOR SLUTS TAKE IT DEEP & HARD IN THE B*M
0909 864 0767 - FRIEND FRIGGED WHILE COLLEGE TUTOR F*CKED ME 18+
0909 864 1013 - LESBIAN STRAP-ON A*SE F*CKIN'! THEY LOVE TO TASTE
0909 864 1023 - SHE KNEELS DOWN & OPENS WIDE TO GET POKED
0982 505 1498 - OLDER LADIES KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HARD C*CK
0909 864 1471 - SHE SITS ON CHAIR LEG FOR SEX RELIEF
0909 864 1474 - BIG TITTED SLUTS PHONE SEX
0909 864 1475 - ASIAN LADIES - TIGHT & FIRM
0909 864 1490 - MEGA DIRT CHEAP SEX 100% SEXUAL RELIEF

W*NK OFF WITH OUR HORNY GIRLS TXT SEX TO 69469

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